

May 3, 2026

There she lives  
Rent free in my heart  
As she did in my youth  
In my middle age  
Running away each time  
From the father, that  
I was not  
From the comfort I tried to bring  
Coming close  
As close as a breath  
Intimate as a snowflake  
that melts in your hand  
That leaks through your fingers  
Like Mercury in its shapelessness  
So like Venus in her beauty and tenderness  
And her lust  
So like Achilles in his anger  
was I  
Question mark? Exclamation point!  
Full stop

How to say  
Sorry for what is not your fault  
To apologize  
For doing the justifiable  
To let go of the anger  
Only to reveal the sadness  
The deep, abiding sadness of it all  
From traumas that I didn't inflict  
From the brokenness revealed  
You struggled bravely and mightily,  
But broken people

Break others, not for the want of trying  
It just comes naturally.

How to make it all right, again  
That which was rarely, or never, all right  
It just rekindles old passions  
Old poisons. old joys  
Mixed together  
In a heated brew  
That I dare not drink.  
The answer  
Left to percolate, to ripen,  
May there be a right one, all right  
In the end.